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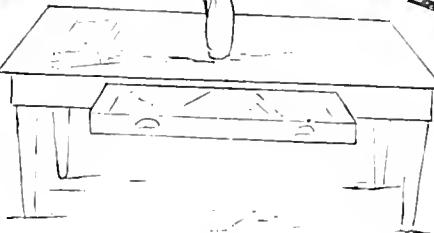
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ANDERSON, SHASTA COUNTY
CALIFORNIA

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THE FACULTY

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History and Mathematics

Three

Class



MARGUERITE SNELL

"Whom neither shape of danger can
dismay
Nor thoughts of tender happiness
betray."—Wordsworth.

GRACE JESSEN

"Love, sweetness, goodness in her
person shined."—Milton.

MARIAN WENTWORTH

"Courteous, though coy and gentle
though retired."—Crabbe.

CALLIE BARNEY

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."—Wordsworth.

FRANCES HEALY

"To see her is to love her
And love but her forever
For nature made her what she is
And never made another!"—Burns.

of 1917

VEVA WILDER

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."
—Coleridge.

ROSS SHANAHAN

"Stately and tall
He moves in the hall."—Franklin.

JOHN LAMIMAN

"He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west
side."—Butler.

GLADYS AWBREY

"If thou appear untouched by solemn
thought
Thy nature is not therefore less
divine."—Wordsworth.



Senior Class, 1917

MOTTO

"Ad astra per aspera"

COLORS

Gold and White

FLOWER

Shasta Daisy

Class History

BY GRACE JESSEN, '17

It was four long years ago, when, as Freshmen, we entered Anderson High School in the Fall of 1913. We were thirty-two in number and with plenty of spirit and enthusiasm. Just like most other Freshmen, we were a little bewildered and it took some weeks before we accustomed ourselves to grown-up High School ways. Initiation night came all too soon for us. The upper classmen entertained us royally, but at the same time they succeeded in making us feel like genuine Freshies. They even went so far as to tie baby bonnets on our heads, put bibs around our necks, and to feed us bread and milk. A few weeks after this event we organized our class and compelled the other classes to recognize us an important factor in High School.

As Sophomores we again again met in September, 1914, but there were only twenty of us now. This year we had the pleasure of directing the initiation of the Freshmen, whom we showed no mercy. The "Sophomore Hop," given to the rest of the school by the Sophomores, was one of the largest social events of the term. Besides playing games and dancing, a banquet completed the entertainment for the evening.

In 1915 twelve Juniors answered to the roll called. Then Frances Healy entered from another school, and our number was increased to thirteen. This year we distinguished ourselves by purchasing for ourselves class pins of a clever and charming design. As a farewell entertainment to the Seniors, we took them on an automobile tour through the Anderson Valley and Redding, and then took them to one of the ice-cream gardens where refreshments were served.

In 1916 the following nine faithful Seniors entered for their last year's work: Callie Barney, Veva Wilder, Marian Wentworth, Marguerite Snell, Frances Healy, Gladys Awbrey, John Lamiman, Ross Shanahan, and Grace Jessen. All these will be graduates of the academic course.

Early in the year we organized our class with Veva Wilder as President, Grace Jessen, Vice-president, and Callie Barney as Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Bammann was chosen our class teacher.

As Seniors we felt we deserved something different and newer than class pins, and so we decided to have class rings. Now that we have them we have reason to be proud of them.

After much discussion we decided on gold and white as our class colors and the Shasta daisy as our flower. "Ad astra per aspera" was unanimously voted our motto.

The Senior play, "All on Account of Polly," will be presented near the close of school. Owing to small number of Seniors, students of the other classes completed the cast of characters.

As a parting gift, the Seniors presented to the school a beautiful American flag, a very appropriate gift in these stirring patriotic times and a gift that is loved by everyone.

Last Will of The Class of '17

BY VEVA WILDER, '17

Owlet Cheatem, a promising young lawyer of Intellect Canyon, was called suddenly to the city of Anderson to draw up wills for nine young people who were about to depart from childhood and high school and enter on the long journey of life.

When Mr. Cheatem entered the Anderson Union High School there sat seven young ladies and two young gentlemen puzzling over what they wished to leave to relatives and friends, and what they wanted to take with them.

The first one to speak was that bold Marion Wentworth, who ordered Mr. Cheatem to hurry.

"I want to get rid of this Business English of mine and I guess it wouldn't come amiss with Margaret Black," she said hurriedly.

"And," she added, "you can leave a little of my height and strength to Hazel Eldridge.

Mr. Cheatem immediately sat down and wrote out the legal form as fast as they dictated to him.

"I," began Callie Barney, "leave my beau-catcher curls to Bessie Trevillyan, and my small feet to Hildred Burbank. I also wish to leave my vocal exercises to some one who will appreciate the hours of torture (for others) which I have spent on them. My ability as an actress I leave to Lois Stevenson."

"I," spoke up Miss Awbrey, "am willing to leave everything to anyone who wants it, except my ever-increasing powers as a 'vampire' woman."

"And I," softly quoth mighty Ross, who had tried to take everything the school offered by uniting the Commercial and Academic courses, "want to leave nothing, but wish instead that I could have gotten six years of Latin and have read about eight more German novels. Still, you might leave my ability to cast shy, bashful glances to some Freshman and my soft voice to Laverne Ashbaugh. This will be a decided advantage to him, if he can carry it all thru to his Senior year."

Marguerite hesitatingly took the stand and made two or three desperate attempts before she finally succeeded in bringing out: "I want to leave all the Senior bills to the Juniors to pay next year," and sat down amid many words of approval from the others.

Everyone was silent as bright-haired Frances Healy took the stand and began:

"Well," she said, "since I have already left Anderson and my office as Josh Editor to another, I haven't much to leave. Yet," she went on reflectingly, "since Jim Kinyon is so dull I might leave him a little of my Irish wit."

John Lamiman had sat all this time anxiously awaiting his turn.

"Please, Mr. Cheatem," said he, "make it very plain that I will Leland Rose my Latin book, on condition that he read it thru every year until he is graduated from Stanford. I also leave my speed and slenderness to Blanchard Reynolds."

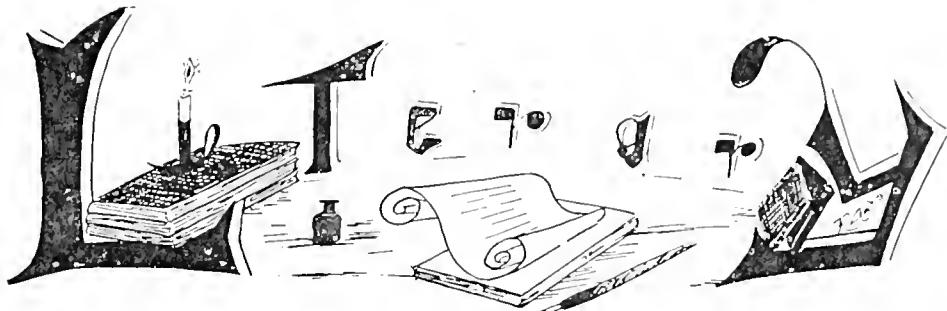
"Mr. Cheatem," whimpered Grace when her turn came, "I want every valedictorian of the Senior classes for the next sixteen years to deliver the address which I have worried over for the last month and a half."

Last, but not least, "Tiny" climbed to the stand. "I," she dragged out in a tired voice, "want to leave my inability to write compositions to Blanche Buffum, so that I may do better in the future. My wonderfully musical voice I will to Hilda Story, and my old basket ball suit, a worn-out pair of basket ball shoes, and a few bruises to any aspirant for basket ball honors."

"Are you sure that is everything?" asked Mr. Cheatem, as he was signing the last document.

"Yes, but if we later discover anything else which we do not care to take further with us, we will divide it equally among the Faculty," spoke a chorus of nine voices.

With this Mr. Cheatem laboriously gathered his large and mysterious packages and wished the Seniors a hurried "God-speed" for he had to run for his train.



One of These Little Ones

BY FRANCES HEALY '17

"Rosie, ch nursie, look who's coming up the walk. Lookie, nursie, lookie! Oh, Bobbie, come, come see."

Little Mary nobody, yet somebody, climbed down off the chair by the window and danced about the large nursery. Then seeing that no one minded her, she dropped down on a pile of soiled baby linen in the corner, and drawing a piece of dried toast from her small pocket began to suck it.

The noonday sun slanted in the window throwing rays of pale light over the spacious room. The wee beds lining the far wall were occupied as it was nap time for the baby folks. The room was not tidy as it should be, for it was hot and more babies had come that day than were expected. Dirty bottles littered the large table, along with clean and soiled garments. Lazy flies buzzed drowsily over the small sleepers and rested on the milk bottles. A few tots too old to sleep at that time sprawled on the floor, some playing contentedly with worn blocks and some lying on their backs fretting for love and care. Nursie was too busy that day to soothe their little troubles, for Jackie was sick, very sick, and she was preparing him for the hospital.

Mary, finishing her old crust, drew a mussed hand across her damp curls leaving bits of moist crumbs dancing on them. She was tired, and it was so hot. Wouldn't some one like to take her for a walk? They did sometimes when it was cool, why didn't they now. She wandered slowly across the room to the farthest cot, stood on tip toe and peeped into the tiny face, then slipping her hand between the bars, she gently drew the half finished bottle from its feeble clasp and dropping to the floor she finished the remainder herself. It was her favorite occupation stealing from those babies, and it worked well if she wasn't caught. Just as she finished, the nurse came in the room and began cleaning up the bottles. When her back was turned, Mary slipped from between the cots and climbed upon her chair by the window; here a little breeze blew from the bay and she liked to sit and watch the cars go by.

Just as nursie was having an awful time with Bobbie, who wouldn't be washed, at least not without a great struggle, the door opened and the matron with the woman, that Mary had seen, entered. She was a woman of a different world from this baby world, and held her skirts high and sniffed as she entered. She cast a searching look about the room and then, seeing the nurse, smiled a superior smile and walked over to Mary. The nurse, used to such intruders, paid no attention but went on with her work. Mary, seeing the visitor, smiled her widest grin and held out a little hand; the other she kept behind her apron, for it was paralyzed and nursie said it was best to hide it. The lady paid no attention to this attempt at friendship but continued to talk in an undertone to the matron.

"So this is Mary, we'll do d-clare. She seems bright enough, but she is altogether an impossible child—still if she were well dressed—but then she is so dark and I'm so fair, I don't know what Harry would say if I brought her home."

"She's three years old, you say, and her parents are dead? No, not dead! Well, I guess it's about the same—still she's rather queer looking, I don't like the mixture, French-Italian sounds rather bad, but still you can't tell." She turned to Mary and held out a gloved hand.

"Stand up child. How would you like to be my little girl?"—she smiled condescendingly down on Mary.

"I's nursie's baby," whimpered Mary.

She didn't like to be looked at this way, and it was all she could do to keep from crying as she watched this stout woman in silk who seems to have taken such an interest in her. Before she could draw away, the lady caught hold of her poor little left arm and drew it from behind the checked apron.

"Oh, you never told me, Miss Martin," she exclaimed to the matron, "that she was afflicted like this. Why, this certainly ends it. I never could consider such a thing, never, never, why—a cripple for a child! It's impossible, too absurd."

She lifted her dress a little higher than ever and sailed out of the room followed by the frowning matron.

Mary glanced after them, and then with a side-ways hop reached the side of the nurse, who was feeding the now conquered Bobbie, bread and milk. She leaned against her knee and then laying both little arms across kind nursies' lap, she looked up into her face and laughed her merry baby laugh. Then burrowing her face in the friendly gingham apron, she chanted, "Nursie, nursie, Rosie, I's your baby, un yous my movver."

Magna Cum Laude

Class of 1917

GRACE JESSEN
VALEDICTORIAN

Class of 1918

MARGARET BLACK

Class of 1919

EDNA JESSEN

On this page are enrolled the names of students who have attained an average for the year of at least ninety per cent in four subjects.—PRINCIPAL.

Class Prophecy

Prize Poem

BY CALLIE BARNEY '17

Upon the shore and round about
And o'er the river Woe
That sluggish flowed between the worlds
The heavy mists hung low.

A leaden sky seethed overhead
And winds from nowhere blew
The lifeless waves upon the shore
Where nothing living grew.

A rotten boat that held but one
Slid swiftly through the might,
A grim, tall spectre steered the craft
That silent, came in sight.

Nine new born ghosts stood on the shore
Awaiting him with fear.
They hovered silent all a-cold
Until the boat drew near.

The bleak wind caught their shapeless gowns
And through the murky air
Their empty sleeves flapped back and forth
And left their shadows bare.

Grim Charon stepped from out the boat
And drifted toward the nine
"Whence comest thou and why?" he wailed,
"What wouldst of me or mine?"

The tallest ghost of all the group
Stepped forth and with a breath
No louder than the dying wind
Told him our cause of death.

"My name on earth was Shanahan
An orator was I
I talked so much I split my throat
Thats how I came to die."

He grasped a shadow by the hand
And dragged her into view
Then Charon's eyes like dead, black coals
They pierced her thru' and thru'.

"This ghost was Gladys in the world
So desperate did she flirt
She came a-weary of the world
And so went back to dirt."

A graceful ghost moved near the shore
Her red hair waving wide
The orator grasped firm her hand
And standing by her side

Said,—“This then is Frances Healy's ghost
A movie star was she
But for a movie hero fell
And broke her heart in three.”

A short ghost slipped between the twain
And stood a-shivering there.
Till Charon raised his spectral arms
And plucked her by the hair.

“A wife at age of ten and nine
This shriveled ghost became.
She slaved and toiled until she died
And Tiny was her name.”

“Tho' quick at figures was this ghost
Who stands a-quivering nigh
A Stenog. she became one day
Then Marguerite did die.”

“A coy and shy and blushing maid
This ghost once Marian
Became on leaving Hi in June
And her career began.

In running pictures at the show.
Just turning at the crank
Her heart stopped when she aged grew
She stands now on this bank.”

“Behind glass windows sat this ghost
Called Grace on earth below
She advertised to ladies vain
How pink on cheeks could grow.”

“This ghost called John did good on earth
He taught in higher schools
And died of pressure on the brain
Remembering English rules.”

A shrinking, nerveless, half starved ghost
Hung back afraid to rise
Till Charon spied her in the gloom
And pierced her with his eyes.

“This ghost, the orator breathed low
Who hides there half afraid
Lived all her life and died at last
A solitaire old maid.”

Then Charon turned and glided back
Thru' slimy foam to where
His boat lay anchored by the shore
Then thought he of the fare.

Each shadow paid a paltry sum
And followed where he led
The boat with unseen force moved on
To the land of restless dead.

The black mists fell upon the sea
And the sharp winds slashed the air
And once again the sea and sky
And lifeless shore lay bare.

At the Close of Day

BY EMMA TOZER '18

"Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, you're all I have; I can't let you go! I can't, I can't!" were the sobbing words from the broken heart of Mrs. Millay.

She was a wealthy but selfish woman whose whole life was wrapped up in James Millay, her only son, a colonel in the army.

"Mother, don't talk that way, you only make it harder, for you know I have to go and that it is my wish. So, cheer up, you know I may not sail for several months and until then I will write to you every day."

That evening Jimmie left for head quarters where he was in training and with him he took the memory of the dearest on earth to him, his mother. Several weeks slipped by bringing every day to her waiting at home, some word of comfort and cheer.

Mrs. Millay however was much embittered and thought it unjust that her boy should be taken when there were so many others who stayed at home. One morning while sitting musing over her misfortune she thought of the time when Jimmie, eight years old, gallantly protected an old cat from a street urchin who had been beating it. She recalled how she upon hearing the disturbance had rushed out and taken it from her boy with reproachful words about his soiled blouse and trousers.

As her mind wandered dreamily from one incident of Jimmie's childhood to another she fell asleep. She stood upon the summit of a lofty hill. Below her a battle was raging between her son's troops and the opposing army. Many of her son's friends were alternately bravely rushing forward and then falling back. Though they were fighting courageously something seemed missing. Troubled, she wondered.

Then, a leader! she thought. They have no leader! Where was Jimmie? Anxiously she gazed around in search of their brave commander and at length she discovered him. Dead?

No, better a thousand times had he been dead. frantic with shame and fright she saw him slowly but surely running from the battle ground.

Her Jimmie deserting his comrades and retreating a coward!

Still gazing she saw that he had discovered her and was hastening toward her. Nearer and nearer he came until she could see the joyous expectancy on his face. She shuddered at his happiness.

Smiling and without embarrassment he reached her and took her in his arms, crying "Mother, I've come home to you, you wanted me so I've come."

Wrenching herself free from his embrace she awoke. Dazedly she rubbed her eyes and tried to feel that it was only a dream. But, how those last words rang in her ears!

"You wanted me so I've come!"

It was that which hurt her so. She had been the coward. Suppose her son had been less courageous and had yielded to her entreaties!

Suddenly a great understanding not without a sense of peace came to her and she realized that she was happy in merely being the mother of such a brave man.

In the heart-rending days that followed, however, she often thought to herself.

"Suppose he should do that! I wonder if I have made him think that I wanted him to be a coward?"

This thought troubled her so constantly, that the coming of the mail each morning or the ringing of the bell made her tremble with fear.

At last in the warm sunshiny month of June came the never-to-be-forgotten day. At evening as she was sitting alone thinking only of him a letter was placed in her hand. Eagerly she opened it and found much she longed to hear not only of his love and loneliness but also greater and more thrilling to her his vivid accounts of his new life and all that it meant to him.

"Oh, mother! you can't tell how it thrills me to see our flag, to hear the band and really feel that I am doing a little to help the cause which I think right."

The letter was dated several weeks before he had sailed. After reading it over again, she sat on, silently watching the sky as it turned from flaming scarlet and gold to a delicate pink and yellow and then as the dusky shadows of night fell it faded at last to pale gray.

As the day closed, so closed her earthly happiness for when she turned to enter the house, her maid silently handed her a telegram together with a small package. Fearfully, with a heavy heart and trembling fingers, she tore the envelope and read the brief words which told of the wonderful courage her son had shown in the last battle when he won the day for his country but forfeited his life. Slowly she folded the telegram and clasped it closely to her. With her eyes blinded by burning tears she untied the package and out fell a gold medal, in all the glory, sadness and honor it portrayed.

IN MEMORIAM

Baird Stone

Died November 3, 1916

Franklin Ward

Died December 25, 1915

Anthology of Senior Verse

A Villanelle

Thou God who hoverest o'er the field,
The battle ground where men fall dead,
Oh, ever thy protection yield!

The blind and lepers thou hast healed
And many feet from harm hast led.
Thou God who hoverest o'er the field!

Oh say not that their doom is sealed,
That death is lurking overhead;
Oh, ever thy protection yield.

Thy light from heaven doth seem concealed
They fear that thou from hence hast fled,
Thou God who hoverest o'er the field.

Oh let thy light be then revealed
And let them hear thy mighty tread;
Oh, ever thy protection yield!

With fear their heart's blood is congealed
Then wash thou clean the ground run red
Thou God who hoverest o'er the field,
Oh, ever thy protection yield!

C. B. '17

A Rondeau

BY FRANCES HEALY '17

Oh, school is nearing to close
And lessons now are almost done.
We shut our books, our dearest foes,
And to the woods we gaily run.

We gather flowers and oh! 'tis fun
To scent the timid pink wild rose,
For school is nearing to a close
And lessons now are almost done.

Saturday night with whirling toes,
With frocks of silk and gossamer spun,
We rouse the night hours from repose,
And dance until the morning sun.
For school is nearing to a close
And lessons now are almost done.

A Violet of Spring

BY GRACE JESSEN '17

Dear daisy, herald of Spring,
Nestled low in the green cool grass
Dost gladden the birds on wing;
Thou daisy, herald of Spring,
Art a joy to each living thing;
For thou givest a smile to all who pass,
Dear daisy, herald of Spring,
Nestled low in the green cool grass.

A Pageant of the Seasons

BY CALLIE BARNEY '17

Dancing, singing, laughing, madcap
Spring comes; arms flung wide and high
Gold hair flowing, garland woven,
Dancing, tripping from the sky.

Floating, gliding, smiling ever
Summer comes with graceful tread
Roses 'round her neck are hanging
Roses crown her radiant head.

Stately, proud, but ever thoughtful
Autumn comes with pensive eyes
Gazes at a withering rosebud
Gazes once and then it dies.

Stumbling, tumbling, old and weak
Winter comes with broken pride
Silvered hair which once was golden
Death is crouching by his side.

Senior's Farewell

BY FRANCES HEALY '17

Farewell, dear High School
Farewell to thee!
We met, and with thee labored long,
And sweet now let our parting be.

Forever must we leave thy halls.
How fast have flown those four short years!
We thought them long when first we came
And now we leave thee all in tears.

But as we toil up life's rough way
And travel far o'er land and sea,
Our thoughts will turn back one by one,
Dear High School days, to thee.

Sammy

BY BLANCHE BUFFUM '18

Sammy had never, in all his life, been so frightened. Just a few short minutes ago he had been a happy little Sammy, the sun had been shining, the birds singing, and he had not a care in the whole wide world. Now, all was dark, the sun had suddenly disappeared, the birds were still, and Sammy was the most unhappy creature you could find.

"Why didn't I think?" mourned Sammy. "Why didn't I mind Ma? But that apple did smell so good, an I never thought of traps and I only took one little bite and now I'm caught in a horrid box and I know I'll be killed. Oh, oh, oh."

For Sammy was only a little striped chipmunk, living in the nice big woods with his little brothers and sisters and papa and mama.

In the midst of Sammy's grief, he felt his dark cage move. A small hand touched him and he felt himself lifted into the air. He wiggled and he twisted and he squirmed, but the more he wiggled and the more he twisted and the more he squirmed, the tighter that hand squeezed him. So he shut his eyes and lay quite still.

The next ke knew he was in a big wire cage and before his nose was the very biggest apple he had ever seen. Now, Sammy had always, ever since he could remember, loved apples and apples had been the entire cause of his present trouble. For a moment he forgot all that had happened and remembered only that he was still hungry for an apple.

Now, after you have been very hungry and been frightened and then had a lovely meal, you feel sleepy.

So it was with Sammy. He curled down in a soft little ball and went soundly to sleep, to dream of nuts, apples, and nice black water melon seeds. You would think that after such a lovely meal as Sammy had just had, he would not be hungry, but hunger was second nature to Sammy, so he dreamed about all kinds of nice things to eat, especially melon seeds.

When Sammy awoke, looking right straight at him was the sunniest face he had ever seen. It had a pug nose, freckles and red hair, and it belonged to Joe. Now, Joe was not a boy, Joe was a girl; and she was called Joe because she had red hair, freckles, and a pug nose, and because her name was Josephine.

Sammy liked the face, for the freckles made him think of water melon seeds and that made him wish he had some.

Joe opened the cage door and Sammy saw her hands were full of water-melon seeds. Sammy ate and ate until he was quite certain he wouldn't want any water melon seeds for a long, long time.

One day, after Sammy had been a prisoner for several months, he awoke from an after dinner nap to find a strange chipmunk in his cage. She was just about the cutest little chipmunk Sammy had ever seen. He made up his mind right away that they would be good friends, but when Sammy, by way of being nice, bit her ear playfully, she scratched his face, pulled his fur and bit his nose. Sammy thought he had fallen into a yellow-jackets' nest, so great was her anger.

After this, Sammy's life was one of sorrow and hunger, for the new chipmunk ate all the apples and water melon seeds and Sammy was nearly starved. Besides, Sammy was growing homesick. At first he had been a contented little chipmunk. He had a nice big sunny cage, all he wanted to eat, and a nice soft nest to sleep in. But now he was always hungry. He missed the happy companionship of his brothers and sisters, and he longed for his old home in the woods, where he could climb trees and hunt his own hazel nuts and be entirely free. His glossy coat became dull, his bright eyes lost their sparkle, and he grew to be as vicious as his prison comrade.

Then one day the cage door was left open and Sammy scampered away to freedom. Led by that homing instinct born in all wild creatures, Sammy soon arrived at his old home. There sat his mother on the old home stump. Nowhere could he see his brothers or sisters. Sammy was puzzled. He ran up to his mother, intent on being at last near one who had always loved him, but to his amazement she moved away from him. Sammy started to follow her, but she turned in a fury and drove him away. Sammy did not know that in a like manner she had driven his brothers and sisters from home and that he would have received the same treatment had he remained.

Lonely and hungry Sammy hunted his own particular old stumps, where he had always taken his share of the hazel-nuts and seeds to eat, only to find it occupied by his brother and a strange chipmunk. His brother sputtered and snarled at Sammy so he thought it best not to argue about the ownership of the stump.

Finally, a long way from the old home, Sammy found a broad flat stump with a lovely hole in the middle just big enough for him to squeeze into, that led to a larger cavity down in the roots of the stump. This would make a lovely house and for several days Sammy was contented.

But Sammy was lonesome. He hadn't a friend in the world. None of his brothers and sisters seemed to see him when they met and Sammy again grew discontented and unhappy.

Then, one day, as Sammy was out hunting nuts, he heard a familiar voice. He looked up and saw—his old enemy of his prison life and strange to say, she seemed glad to see him.

Now Sammy and she sit on that broad flat stump and eat apples and watermelon seeds and talk about their neighbors and their own family. Even Sammy's brothers and sisters now are all good friends and so they will remain for another year.

Experiuntia docet

BY MARGARET BLACK '18

Once there was a Freshie green
Who came into our school
And everything this Freshie did
Opposed the teacher's rule.

When he became a Sophomore bright
He tho't he was so wise,
His knowledge it was bounded
Only by the skies.

But when a Junior he became
He learned of life's hard way
And all the things that Juniors have
To do in one short day.

Yet when the Senior year came round
Care-ridden now he knew
The cares that he had known before
Had been but small and few.

The Proof

BY MAY LOOMIS, '20

It was late in December. The winter snows had begun to fall and every tree was shrouded with the white down of winter. Like great white sentinels they were keeping watch o'er God's country. In the midst of this vast expanse of snow a small cottage could be seen, nestled among the trees in solitude.

A tiny ribbon of smoke arose from its chimney, while on either side of the small door were propped numerous pairs of skis. Some traps of various sizes were piled on the small porch. Beaver skins, bear skins, and unaccountable skins were stretched along the wall.

With shuffling of feet and loud laughter two boys emerged from the cabin, clad in fur and mackinaw. These two boys, Bob and Harry Crawford, were trapping for what they could get in hopes of being able some day to go to college. They were about fifteen or twenty, strong, jolly, and daring.

Bob, the stronger of the two, examined his skis, strapped them on, and called to his brother to come on and go around the traps.

About three miles up the canyon lived an old man, a trapper like themselves, who very seldom joined the boys on their expeditions, but kept chiefly to himself.

Many times their traps looked as if they had been robbed by something, but as the tracks of skis were everywhere throughout the canyon, nothing could be proven.

Today, as they neared the traps, many were not sprung, while others contained mink and beaver. One they observed had been sprung, but no animal was to be found. The ground was torn up where the snow had melted away from the trees and it looked as if a lively scuffle had ensued.

"Looks as if something was wrong," remarked Harry, closely examining the ground. Raising his head suddenly, he beckoned his brother to the spot. In the soft soil an cutline very much like a man's boot could be seen, but it was very faint.

"We won't profit if this keeps on much longer," said Harry, shaking his head doubtfully.

"No," said Bob, "but it won't do any good suspecting if we don't get any proof."

"I have it! Tonight is full moon and we can watch from that clump of bushes yonder. It will be light here and we will be in the dark and out of sight."

"Fine!" exclaimed Bob, patting his brother on the back, "we will get our supper, bring our guns, and keep watch."

A few hours later saw the two boys huddled together in a clump of bushes and on the alert for action.

A full moon had just reaped over the tall trees, flooding the snowy canyon with a glow of silver light. Everything was shrouded in calm with only now and then the cracking of frozen branches breaking the stillness.

Something hopped along in the bushes, but proved to be only a cottontail hunting his evening meal. Then a swish—swish, as of padded feet in the snow, and a bright gleam, probably the man's cigar, came cautiously nearer through the dark underbrush.

The boys waited with tense muscles the further approach of the figure.

It paused, then crept cautiously out into the moonlight. There, with haggard yet ever watchful eyes, stood in full relief against the dark background, the sneaking trap thief.

Gripping their rifles, the boys watched every movement of his huge form.

He stood motionless for some minutes, then walked slowly to the trap and began tearing the beaver from it, that the boys had put there, as if it were nothing.

A sudden shot from the bushes and a quiver ran through his entire body. Uttering a long, wailing moan, he fell dead in his tracks, whereupon Bob rushed out and excitedly examined the large body of a mountain lion. His massive jaws were opened in a set snarl and a broad scar reached across his forehead.

"Stung!" exclaimed Bob to his brother, "nothing like having proof and here it is."

'Twas E'er Thus

BY FRANCES HEALY '17

I cautiously opened the door a crack, and peered through at the stranger who stood on the porch. How I dreaded agents, but perhaps this wasn't an agent; but no, there was the fatal black bag, the brown shoes, and the loud tie. I tried to slip silently away, but the bell pealed again, so loudly that I, taken by surprise, opened the door. I gazed into the pimply face of a young man of uncertain age, with light slick hair. Before I had recovered myself, he stood in the hall with his wares spread out around him.

"I don't want them," I protested, "I'm too busy, have no time; you needn't bother showing me them. I'm not the lady of the house."

I grew rather panic stricken, for he paid no attention to me, but started to inform me as to what he had.

"Lady, I'll only keep you a minute, it's for your benefit, not mine, so don't be hasty. Here is a very useful knife: pares, slices and cores apples or potatoes, very excellent for slicing cabbage, will slice it as fine as paper; also grates cheese, nutmeg, anything; never cuts your fingers. See!"

He began to peel a potato and I recovered again.

"I'm not the lady of the house," I said, "she's out."

"But that," continued he, "is just why you need one. No doubt you are her daughter, aren't you? Well, I thought so, and I bet you peel potatoes, and hate to."

I unwisely nodded my head, for I did loath the job. He was speaking again, and oh, horrors, he had seated himself on the window seat.

"Look, let me demonstrate on this cabbage."

Then he began to chop it, and oh! my floor, that I had just swept. Wouldn't he go!

"It's only twenty-five cents," he continued, "the blade can be taken out easily, yes, very easily, by this screw. Why lady, it's only two bits. You can't afford to refuse. Watch me take the core from this apple."

I glanced at the floor, now littered with cabbage shreds and potato peels, and ran for my purse. I had twenty-five cents for the show that night. But anything to get rid of that man. I handed him the money and turned away so I couldn't see the smile of triumph on his face. How I hated him and the knife.

Junior's Lament

BY ADOLPH SHIELDS, '18

I don't like to kick. I don't like to crab.
To nature I try to adapt my ways,
But one point I have'nt got on to yet
Is the arrangement of nights and days.
There is work to be done in the daylight,
Allowing no time for fun.
Sleep must be had in the darkness,
To go without rest can't be done.
There is'nt any time to study,
My lessons I never get
For I cannot neglect my pleasures
Which begin when the sun has set.
So why, may I ask did it happen,
When all things were fixed up so nice
That for each little spot of the daylight
That night was'nt put down twice?
If only there were one more night
Would'nt it be just sublime?
I could sleep and study the first one,
The second just have a good time.



JUNIOR CLASS

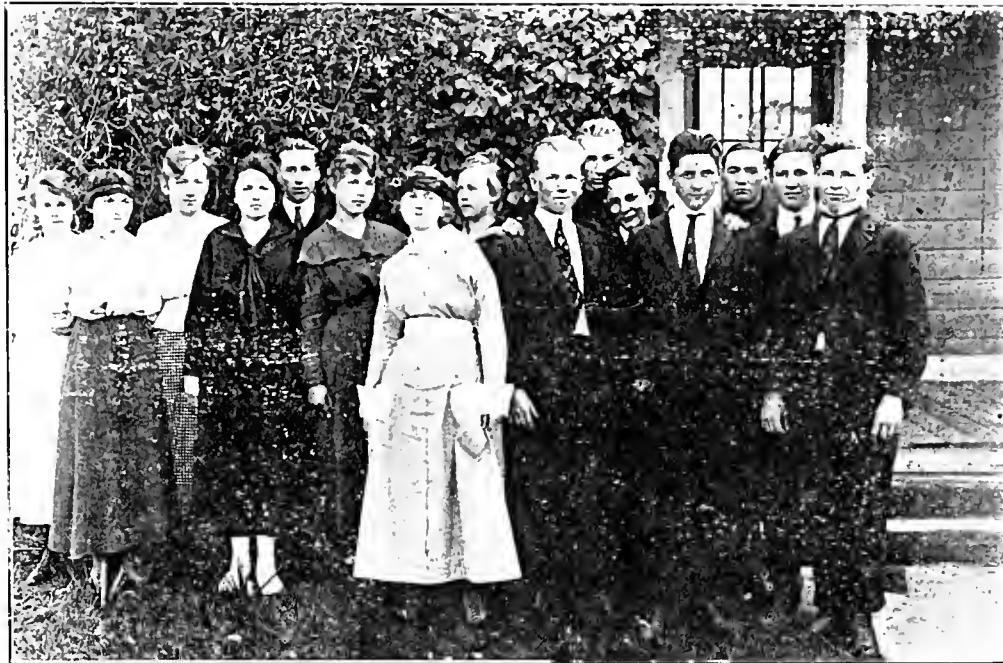
Standing—Leland Rose, Myrtle Phelps, Byran Shanahan, Hildred Burbank, Ada DeBerry, Gladys McMurry, Hilda Story, James Kinyon, Bertha Watts, Adolph Shields, Emma Tozer, Fred Oliphant, Bessie Trevillyan, Doris Lamiman, Mr. Simpson, Lois Stevenson.

Seated—Lester Knapp, Blanchard Reynolds, Beatrice Davis, Ruby Dewlaney.

The Junior Alphabet

BY HILDA STORY '18

A is for Adolph our man of might
B is for Beatrice and Blanche so bright
C is for "Courage," which none of us lack,
D's for Dewlaney, our shorthand crack,
E is for Emma so meek and so sweet,
F is for Fred our only six feet,
G is for Gladys our pigmy so short,
H is for Hilda thinking tennis great sport,
I is for "Ignorance", of which we have none.
J is for Jim our boy of much fun
K is for Kinyon our president too,
L is for Lamiman, she always gets thru,
M is for Myrtle and Margaret, so smart
N is for Neva with whom we can't part,
O is for Oliphant our basket ball star
P is for Pinky not behind them by far,
Q is for "Questions," they ne'er cause our fall,
R is for Reynolds, who answers them all,
S is for Simpson our class teacher, dear,
T is for Te De who likes Pinky near,
U is for "Unison" which we always possessed,
V is for Vernon our only school pest,
W's for Watts a mild little maid.
X, Y and Z are left out I'm afraid.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Grace Durfee, Norma Spann, Eunice Buffum, Dorothy Girdner, Glenn Bishop,
Edna Jessen, Mary Kitto, Adelaide Manter, Alien Williams, Robert
Dwineill, John Hoskins, Leon Miller, George Sheridan, Roy
Awbrey, Marion Palmer.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Standing—Minnie Henriques, Ruth Gipson, Vivian Carmack, Marie Haight,
Hazel Eldridge, Beryle Crossley, Stella Craven, Miss Hess,
Vergil Williams, Alma Simonson, Grace Ogburn.

Middle Row—Alfred McGuffin, Percy Phelps, La Verne Ashbaugh, Henry Brown
Seated—Dorothy Reilly, Lorena Welch, May Loomis, Dolly David, Clara
Wilcox, Bessie Kitto, Margaret Milne.



BY BLANCHE BUFFUM '18

Dramatics has played an important part in our High School life this last term, the first entertainment given being a variety show, of which the one-act comedy, "Whiskers," was the leading feature.

The cast was:

Adolph Shields, as Mr. John Phelps, the eccentric old uncle of Charles Phelps, from whom he is estranged.

James Kinyon, as Charles Phelps, the brave and composed bridegroom.

Gladys Awbrey, as Mabel, the pretty, hysterical bride.

Gladys McMurry, as Evelyn, the bridesmaid who is afraid of burglars.

Grace Durfee, as Ethel, the bridesmaid whose slippers are too tight.

Hazel Eldridge, as Francis, the unemotional, resourceful bridesmaid.

Hildred Burbank, as Inez, the helpful maid of honor, and who is in love with Parker Glenn.

Weston Eldridge, as Parker Glenn, the dependable best man.

Callie Barney, as the "cullud" servant girl, Hannah.

All the cast carried their parts well, and the comedy was one of the successes of the evening.

Mr. Robert Yelland gained much applause when he sang the "Bedouin Love Song" by Pinsuti.

The duet, "Ben Hur Chariot Race," played by Dorothy Reilly and May Loomis, was much appreciated by all, and as this was their first public appearance they deserve credit for their composure and the ease with which they played.

The beautiful Glow-worm Dance was given by the Misses Zella Eddy, Olive Shields, Hildred Burbank, Veva Wilder, Hilda Story, Gladys Awbrey, Eunice Buffum, and Callie Barney. The dance was the biggest hit of the evening.

Last, but not least, was the Floradora Sextette. This was a dance by six young men in Palm Beach attire and six young maidens in fluffy-ruffle dresses trimmed in gold. The maidens carried white parasols with big gold bows on the handles, and had corsage bouquets of golden daffodils.

They danced and sang "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

Those who participated in the dance were:

Vernon Sutton—Veva Wilder.

Marion Palmer—Callie Barney.

Lester Knapp—Hilda Story.

Adolph Shields—Hildred Burbank.

Blanchard Reynolds—Eunice Buffum.

Charles James—Gladys Awbrey.

Miss Eddy and Miss Bamann deserve much credit for their faithful coaching of the performers.

The variety show drew a large crowd and was a financial success.

"All on Account of Polly," the next play, was given on May the twenty-fifth. This annual event of the school was produced, as heretofore, under the auspices of the Senior class. Both on account of its length and the number and variety of its

characters, the play was an ambitious undertaking, and the players deserve great credit for their industry in rehearsing as well as for the finished production.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY:

Ralph Beverly, Polly's Guardian.....	James Kinyon, '18
Baldwin, his son	Adolph Shields, '18
Peter Hartleigh, a prospective son-in-law	Lester Knapp, '18
Silas Young, a money lender	John Lamiman, '17
Harkins, a butler	Ross Shanahan, '17
Tommy, a poor little boy	Leland Rose, '18
Polly Perkins, a small-town girl	Callie Barney, '17
Jane Beverly, the wife	Veva Wilder, '17
Hortense, her elder daughter	Hildred Burbank, '18
Geraldine, her younger daughter	Gladys Awbrey, '17
Mrs. Herbert Feather-Stone, of the "400"	Margaret Black, '18
Mrs. Clarence Chadfield, a "Climber"	Blanche Buffum, '18
Marie, a maid	Gladys McMurry, '18
Miss Rembrandt, a manicurist	Beatrice Davis, '18
Miss Bushnell, a hair dresser	Hilda Story, '18
Pudgy, Tommy's sister	Lorey Gray, '18



Who Will Answer?

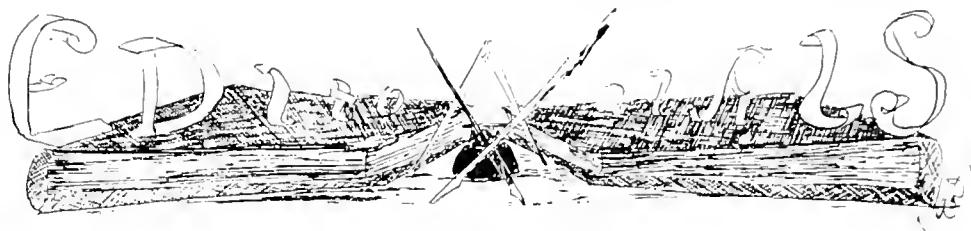
Dedicated to Hilda Mae Story

By ADOLPH SHIELDS, '18

Tell me, please, Oh Someone,
(I'm not particular whom)
Why a girl should wear her bonnet
In the recitation room.

It grates my nerves immensely
And I don't believe it's right
If a boy should ever do it
They'd think him impolite.

To me it is a mystery
Deep and dark and strange.
Is it really a protection
Or merely for the change?



BY GRACE JESSEN '17

Last year's Aurora left a deficiency in the Student body treasury, that threatened to ruin our prospects of editing one this year. Baseball, too, interfered, and for a long time it seemed that either the Aurora or baseball must be given up. Finally the Student Body decided to finance both, but with the understanding that the paper would be smaller than last year's.

The staff was chosen, and, encouraged by the success of the 1916 Aurora, we endeavored to publish an equally successful one.

Our manager, Leland Rose, has certainly done his part in making this Aurora what it is. Through his expert managing and through the advise of Mr. Simpson, we hope that the Aurora will pay for itself this year.

The business men of the county, who have always been generous in advertising in our paper, deserve especial thanks for their generosity this year.

The staff also wish to thank Miss Bammann, who has helped in every way in the preparation of the Aurora.

Several badly needed improvements have been added to the High School. Another smaller building has been built beside the main one. Under the direction of Miss Eddy, the drawing classes have converted this building into an attractive art hall. The whole school is proud of this room, so tastefully decorated in artistic drawings.

Two new subjects, Chemistry and Biology have been added to the list of subjects taken in school. To those taking it, Biology has proven to be very interesting as well as instructive. Under the supervision of Mr. James, a gas plant has been installed in the Chemistry laboratory, which furnishes all the necessary gas in performing experiments.

School spirit was not lacking this year. The students have been very interested in school activities and have won many victories and few defeats in basket ball, baseball and tennis. The enthusiasm in selling tickets, especially by the commercial students, made every school activity a financial success.

Tennis was a favorite sport this season both with the boys and girls. Miss Hess spent much time and patience in teaching amateur players the game. Her efforts were not in vain, for many of the players have made praiseworthy records.

The library has been enlarged and now is in a separate room by itself. A system has been adopted, allowing the grammar school districts to use the books in the High School library.

The commercial department with Mr. Simpson as instructor has accomplished splendid work. Four of the students, Ross Shanahan, Ruby Dewlaney, Lorey Gray and Margaret Milne were awarded certificates by the Gregg Publishing Company for doing accurate work in shorthand. Certificates were awarded to Ruby Dewlaney, Allen Williams, and Marian Wentworth for skill in writing the Palmer Method of penmanship. Then too, Wilbur Clemens, Ruby Dewlaney, Beatrice Davis, and Lorey Gray were given similar honors for doing speed work in typewriting.

In academic achievement, this school also ranks with other schools. Dr. Thomas, the inspector of High Schools from the University of California, said our school was in a better condition than he had ever seen it before.

Although the bond issue for a new High School did not carry last December, we are not discouraged yet. The taxpayers of this district are realizing more and more the need of a new modern High School. Then too, a site, on a beautiful hill overlooking the town, has been offered by the Andersen Chamber of Commerce to the district. With this splendid beginning, we hope it won't be long before Anderson will be the proud possessor of a new High School.

Editorial Staff

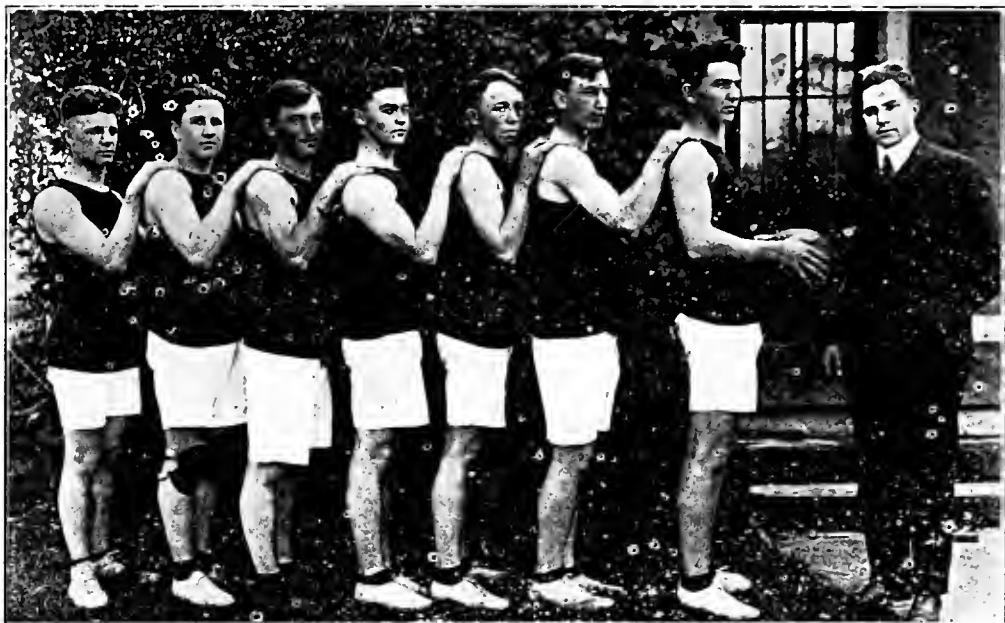
Editor-in-chief	Grace Jessen '17
Literary	Callie Barney '17
Dramatics	Blanche Buffum '18
Organizations	Hildred Burbank '18
Girl's Athletics	Gladys Awbrey '17
Boys' Athletics	Ross Shanahan 17
Art	Hilda Story 18
Exchanges	Lorey Gray '18
Alumni	Edna Black '13
Jokes	Veva Wilder '17
Manager	Leland Rose 18
Assistant Manager	George Sheridan '19



THE STAFF

George Sheridan, Miss Bammann, Veva Wilder, Hilda Story, Lorey Gray,
Callie Barney, Grace Jessen, Gladys Awbrey, Blanche Buffum,
Ross Shanahan, Hildred Burbank, Leland Rose.

Athletics



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Leland Rose, Roy Awbrey, Bryan Shanahan, Adolph Shields, James Kinyon, Fred Oliphant, Ross Shanahan, Mr. Simpson (coach).

Boys' Basket Ball.

BY ROSS W. SHANAHAN '17

Great interest was taken in Basket Ball this year, although only two of the old players were left it looked as if a good team might be got out.

We were unable to practice in the hall because some remodeling was being done but as the dance platform was kindly donated by the Women's Improvement Club we obtained some excellent practice in team work and our coach, Mr. Simpson got a good line on the team.

Leland Rose was elected manager and Bryan Shanahan captain. Now we began to work hard. We lost our first two practice games with Redding and Dunsmuir but defeated Redding on our own floor.

RED BLUFF 48—ANDERSON 27

Our first league game was played at Anderson with Red Bluff on November 25th. Having never played with Red Bluff this season we played hard all through the game but Red Bluff outclassed us and they defeated us 48 to our 27. The line-up was:

Forwards	Guards	Center	Substitutes
L. Rose	R. Awbrey	R. Shanahan	A. Shields
B. Shanahan	F. Oliphant		J. Lamiman

ANDERSON 46—REDDING 17

The second league game was played at Anderson with Redding on December 2nd. We were somewhat over-confident in this game, both teams played hard and there was not a goal made in the first five minutes. Then we started to make goals and defeated Redding 46 to 17. The line-up was the same as the Red Bluff game except that Kinyon played forward and Rose guard, Awbrey having a sprained ankle.

CORNING 43—ANDERSON 20

The third league game was played at Corning on December 9th. Corning outclassed our players and walked away with the game by a score of 43 to 20. The

line-up was the same as in the Red Bluff game except that Kinyon was sub, instead of Lamiman.

Although we lost out in the league we learned how to play basketball and the prospects look good for next year. Two of this year's players leave but their places can be filled in the coming year.

Girls' Basket Ball.

BY GLADYS AWBREY '17

Early in the fall term, the girls began practicing Basket Ball. About eighteen girls came out and with the help of our splendid coach, Miss Eddy, we got in some excellent team work, which was sure to bring success. Before the first game Beatrice Davis was elected manager and Gladys Awbrey, captain, and the following line-up was chosen:

Forwards	Guards
Elsie Oliphant	Blanche Buffum
Hilda Mae Story	Beatrice Davis
Centers	Substitutes
Veva Wilder, (running)	Lorey Gray
Gladys Awbrey, (jumping)	Eunice Buffum
	Grace Jessen

REDDING 15—ANDERSON 13

Our first game was played with Redding in Redding. It was a hard fast game, with a tied score to the last minute when Redding threw a field goal, making the score 15 to 13 in their favor.

ANDERSON 26—DUNSMUIR 12

The second game was a practice game in Dunsmuir on November 11th. This was Dunsmuir's first year at Basket Ball, so we easily won with the score of 26 to 12.

ANDERSON 14—REDDING 9

The following week we played a return game with Redding High on their own floor and with the home crowd, the local team gained more confidence and Redding was surprised with a score of 14 to 9 in favor of Anderson.

ANDERSON 25—RED BLUFF 13

On the 25th of November we played our first league game with Red Bluff on our home court. The game in the first half was hard and close, but in the last half we managed, thru Elsie's basket shooting, to pile up a score of 25 to Red Bluff's 13.

ANDERSON 40—REDDING 20

A week later Shasta High journeyed to Anderson to play a game which would decide the championship of the two schools. This was our first league game and both teams were determined to win. In this game our team showed the effect of clean coaching. Elsie was ever there and made 36 of Anderson's 40 points—Redding 20.

CORNING 20—ANDERSON 13

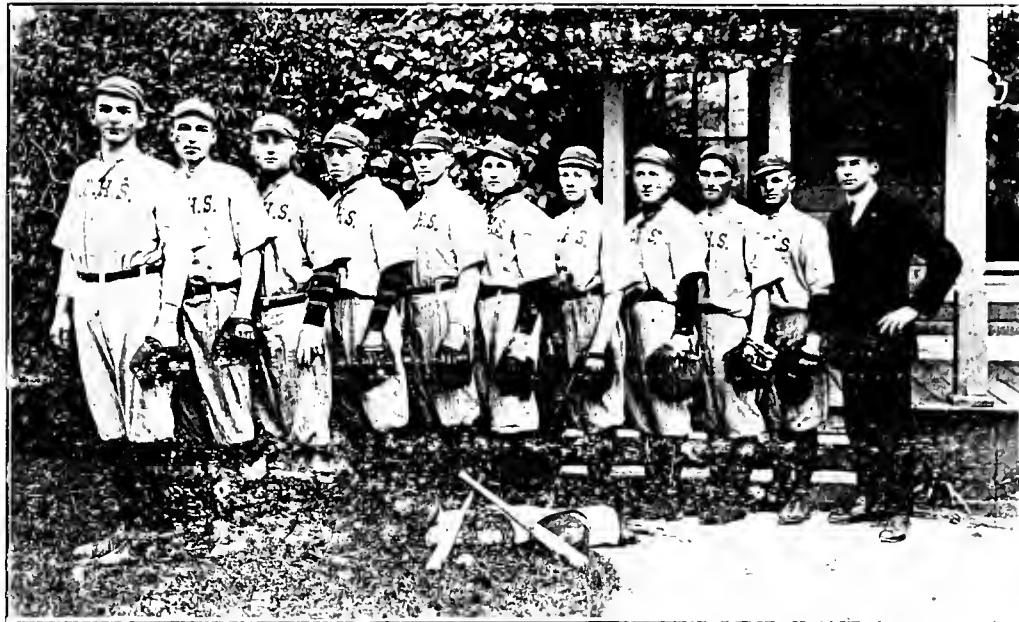
Our next game, the championship game of the League, was scheduled for Corning, to be played in Corning. The home girls seemed to have lost their pep and none of them played up to standard. Corning played a steady scientific game and when we departed we left our scalp. Score: Corning 20, Anderson 17.

RED BLUFF 17—ANDERSON 12

This game tied the league and the series had to be played over again. We played Red Bluff again on the 6th of January. We went down with the full expectation of winning, but were doomed to disappointment. It was the hardest and speediest game of the season and at the beginning of the second half was anybody's game. But a few minutes before time was called Red Bluff ran the score up with a quick succession of baskets and when the whistle blew, Red Bluff had the game with a score 17 to our 12.

This was our last game and altho we did not capture the Championship which we very apparently started out after, we had a very successful season.





BASEBALL TEAM

Ross Shanahan, Fred Oliphant, Blanchard Reynolds, James Kinyon, Adolph Shields, Roy Awbrey, Percy Phelps, John Lamiman, Byran Shanahan, Leland Rose, Mr. James (coach).

Baseball

BY ROSS W. SHANAHAN '17

A winning baseball team was looked forward to this year and the squad was quite enthusiastic over the game.

Owing to some good weather we began practice in the middle of January and the squad practiced three times a week if the weather permitted.

Having lost our catcher of last year our team was greatly weakened but John Lamiman filled the position remarkably, having never played the position before.

Adolph Shields was elected manager and Leland Rose captain of the team. By the efforts of our coach, Mr. Charles James, the team was coached into thier cl'd form.

We could get only one practice game before our league game. This game was played at Corning on March 31st. We easily defeated Corning by a score of 18 to 4.

RED BLUFF 6—ANDERSON 3.

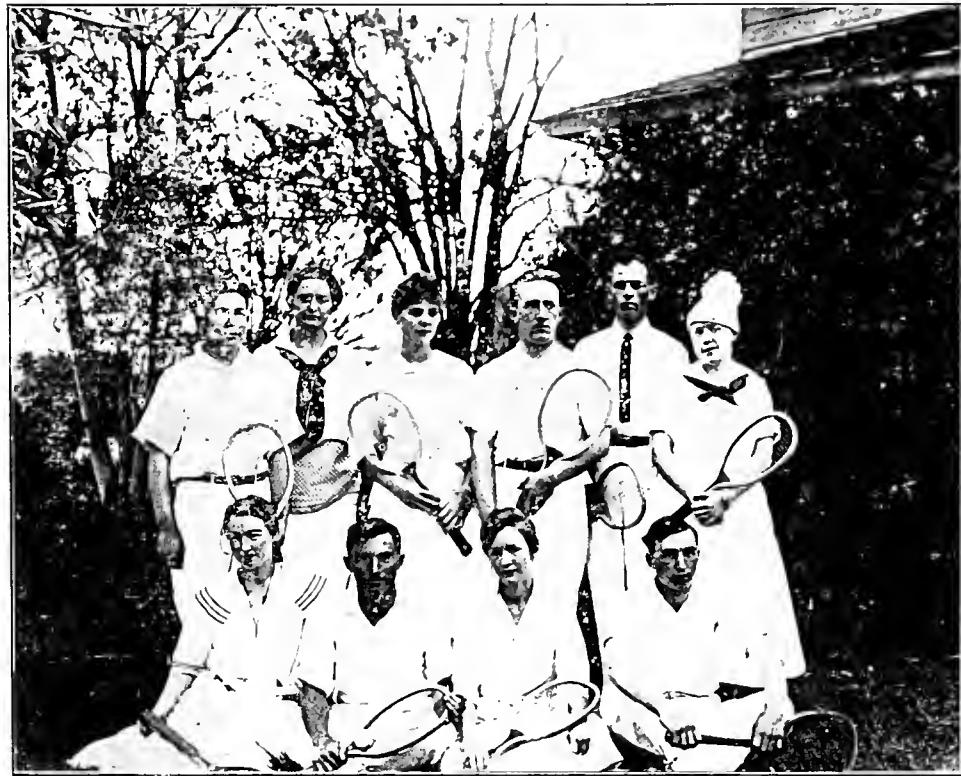
Our first league game was played with Red Bluff at Anderson on April 7th. Red Bluff won by a score of 6 to our 3 on account of some errors on our side. The line-up for this game was:

Pitcher	F. Oliphant	Shortstop	J. Kinyon
Catcher	J. Lamiman	Center Field	A. Shields
Second Base	R. Shanahan	Right Field	R. Awbrey
First Base	L. Rose	Left Field	B. Reynolds
Third Base	B. Shanahan	Substitutes	L. Knapp, P. Phelps

REDDING 3—ANDERSON 1

The second league game was played in Redding on April 14th. It was a close game throughout, both teams scoring a run in the sixth inning. But by Redding's good hitting and a few errors on our side we were defeated by a score of 3 to 1. The line-up was the same as in the Red Bluff game.

This ended the baseball season, Red Bluff winning the championship. The team did good work this year altho' not as good as was expected; but we will look forward to a winning team for next year.



BOYS' AND GIRLS' TENNIS TEAMS

Standing—La Verne Ashbaugh, Miss Hess, Edna Jessen, John Lamiman,

Mr. Gaines, Hilda Story.

Seated—Elsie Oliphant, Bryan Shanahan, Margaret Black, Fred Oliphant.

Tennis Club

The students are very enthusiastic over Tennis. The majority of them both girls and boys belong to the club. From so much good material we have been able to choose several excellent teams. Under the management of Bryan Shanahan the business end of the club, such as keeping the court in good shape and managing the try-outs, has been successful.

Miss Hess has undertaken the management of a schedule for the girls. Enabling a large number of them to play who were unable to do so before this was done. There have been many more girls trying out for Tennis than for any other athletics.

Agricultural Club

Our Agricultural club is heartily backing the government in the present crisis and has enlisted for the duty of producing food stuffs. Several acres of good river bottom land has been leased to be worked by the club and planted to the contest crop. We are using our best efforts to produce a bumper crop as our contribution to the world's need.

For the second time we have decided to enroll in the grain sorghum contest and to grow feterita. The winner has been assured a trip to the State Fair at Sacramento, the money to be provided from the proceeds of the club crop. By another year we hope to be able to send our winner on the trip through the eastern states.

The members of the club are:

Bryan Shanahan, Pres. Fred Oliphant Thomas Andersen

James Kinyon, Vice-Pres. Andrew Simonson Fred Dersch, Jr.

Harvey Pratt, Sec'y. Robert Dwinell David Hill

Mr. Lamiman (County Horticultural Commissioner), Adviser

Mr. Gaines, Agr. Teacher



ORGANIZATIONS

BY HILDRED BURBANK '18

STUDENT BODY

During the first week of school the Student Body was organized and the officers elected.

A programme committee was appointed which arranged many enjoyable and educative programmes for our meetings. These are held every two weeks, on Friday afternoons.

OFFICERS OF FIRST SEMESTER.

VEVA WILDER	President
JOHN LAMIMAN	Vice-President
GRACE JESSEN	Secretary
ADOLPH SHIELDS	Treasurer
GLENN PIERCE	Sergeant-at-Arms
BLANCHARD REYNOLDS	Yell Leader
LELAND ROSE	League Delegate

OFFICERS OF SECOND SEMESTER.

BLANCHARD REYNOLDS	President
ROSS SHANAHAN	Vice-President
MARGARET BLACK	Secretary
ADOLPH SHIELDS	Treasurer
LOIS STEVENSON	Sergeant-at-Arms
JAMES KINYON	Yell Leader
LELAND ROSE	League Delegate

BOARD OF CONTROL

A Board of Control was formed to aid and advise in managing the financial affairs of the school and over-look all other departments to give them help when needed or desired.

SENIORS

We are very proud of our Seniors. There is a great deal of talent among them. They were very creditably represented in both Girls' and Boys' Basket Ball and other athletics.

On April thirteenth they presented the Student Body with a beautiful American Flag which was raised after several patriotic songs were sung on the lawn.

We shall be very sorry indeed to lose our Senior class of 1917.

VEVA WILDER	President
GRACE JESSEN	Vice-President
CALLIE BARNEY	Secretary and Treasurer
MISS BAMMANN	Class Teacher

JUNIORS

The Juniors were very prominent in all school activities. The class is proud to have several athletic "Stars" in its number. Probably many of this year's honors will be carried off by them. As a whole they have shown very good school spirit, during their three years here.

JAMES KINYON	President
FRANKLIN WARD	Vice-President
GLADYS MC MURRY	Secretary
HILDRED BURBANK	Treasurer
MR. SIMPSON	Class Teacher

SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomores have become accustomed to High School life and have a fairly good record. They have only a few taking active part in athletics but those certainly make themselves felt. The Juniors will be proud to leave their place to the watchful care of these.

NEVA OGBURN	President
NORMA SPANN	Vice-President
LEON MILLER	Secretary
GRACE DURFEE	Treasurer
MISS EDDY	Class Teacher

FRESHMAN

The Freshman have proven that they can accomplish many things and are not very "green." They are represented in nearly all school affairs. On the afternoon of October fifth, they showed their originality by giving the school a watermelon "feed". Later in the term they presented the Student Body with a large Class pennant.

ALFRED MC GUFFIN	President
GRACE OGBURN	Vice-President
MAY LOOMIS	Secretary and Treasurer
ALLEN WILLIAMS	Sergeant-at-Arms
MISS HESS	Class Teacher



EXCHANGES

BY LORCY GRAY '17

We were very fortunate last year to receive so many exchanges. We are glad to receive any suggestions offered, as it means a better publication for us. We hope to profit by the criticisms received.

"The Spectator", Cloverdale, Calif. You have a very good literary department. Your cuts are excellent but your design could be more attractive.

"Gold and White", Sutter, Calif. Your literary department is excellent, and your joshes are very good. Your cover design is attractive. A few more cuts would add greatly to your paper.

"Shasta Daisy", Redding, Calif. Your book is interesting, but the paper used in your cover is not of the best quality. Your many cuts add interest to your paper. The arrangement of your book is good and we all enjoy your long list of joshes.

"Dictum Est", Red Bluff, Calif. You have a very interesting well arranged paper. The only criticism is that it is poorly bound.

"The Alpha", Oroville, Calif. Your book is also poorly bound. In every other way it is complete.

"The Siskiyou Nugget", Etna Mills, Calif. The cover design is very neat, and your literary department is excellent. The arrangement of your book is not very good and a few more drawings would improve your paper somewhat.

"The Monitor", Weaverville, Calif. We enjoy reading your book. A few poems and a few more joshes would liven your book somewhat.

"The Alert", Turlock, Calif. Your book is complete in every way. We hope to receive it again.

"The Dawn", Esparto, Calif. The arrangement of your book is very good. We enjoy it immensely.

"The Skip", Sutter Creek, Calif. You are among one of our best exchanges. You are complete in every way.

"The Netherlands", Rio Vista, Calif. You have a well arranged book, and it is a credit to your school. Your literary department is excellent. Your cover is very neat.

"Madrono", Palo Alto, Calif. We would suggest a more attractive cover design. Why not have more cuts?

"The Tattler", Willows, Calif. Your cover design is neat and your many cuts add greatly to your paper. You need more poems.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

A. U. H. S.—Your paper is interesting. A few more jokes would liven your paper somewhat. You are always welcome.—Shasta Daisy, Redding, Calif.

Aurora—Anderson, Calif. You are a credit to your school. We like your make-up, but think your half-tones might have been better printed.—Dictum Est, Red Bluff, Calif.

Aurora, Anderson, Shasta County, California: The book is very good and original, but we think there is too much blank space throughout.—The Alert, Turlock, Calif.

The Aurora, Anderson Union High, Anderson, Calif.—Your magazine has a neat appearance. "The Heroes That Did Not Die", by Frances M. Jessen, is finely developed.—Madrono, Palo Alto, Calif.



BY MISS EDNA BLACK '13

The first commencement exercises of the Anderson Union High School were held in the year 1911, when a class of five were graduated from a two year course, our school being only two years old. Two years later six academic and five commercial students were given diplomas. Since that time the Alumni have gradually swelled in number, which would warrant the organization of an Alumni Association. There is no better way to remind us of the fact that we are still a part of the High School than by belonging to such an Association, meeting once a year to renew acquaintances and recall memories of High School days. It is interesting to note the various lines of activities engaged in by the graduates so a complete list is given below.

1911

Byron Ogburn	Real Estate Dealer in Anderson, Cal.
Phebe Dempster	Employed in Redding, Cal.
Dora Redeker	Stenographer in Fairfield, Cal.
Flerence McMurray (Smith)	Residing in Anderson, Cal.
Ruth Trimble	Married and residing in Sacramento, Cal.

1913

Marie Barney	Senior in U. C. Berkeley, Cal.
Edna Black	Music Teacher in Anderson, Cal.
Max Buffum	Practicing Law in Chico, Cal.
Charlotta McKenna	Teaching School in Solano County, Calif.
Harry Nutting	Automobile Salesman, Shasta County
Ellis Shanahan	Student in U. C. Berkeley, Cal.
Virginia Shanahan	Teaching School in Anderson. (Grammar School)
Thaddeus Stevenson,	Ranching in Millville, Cal.
Alice Brown	Employed in Anderson, Cal.
Leona Watson (Buffum)	Residing in Chico, Cal.
Rowena Watson (Dunwoody)	Residing in Beiber, Cal.

1914

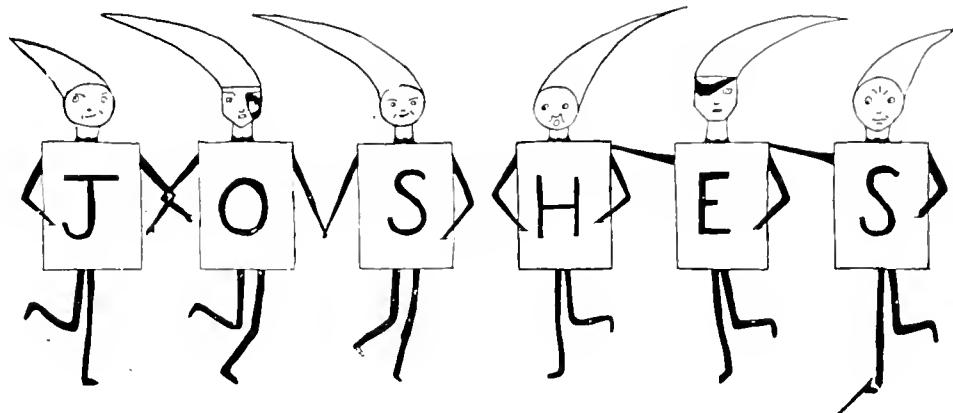
Alice Johnson	Attending Chico Normal.
Olive Shields	Teaching in Anderson, (Grammar School)
Irene Watts (Carlson)	Residing in Anderson

1915

Leslie Hencratt	Ranching in Cottonwood
Verla Hencratt	At home in Cottonwood Cal
Pauine Hotchkiss	Financial Clerk at Klamath Agency, Oregon
Juia Stone	Position in Jerome Bank, Arizona
Elsie Jessen	Studying music in Oakland, Cal

1916

Frances Jessen	Attending U. C. in Berkeley
Marjorie Shanahan	Attending Chico Normal
Arthur Davis	Bookkeeper, Weed Lumber Co., McCloud
Helen Weaver	Attending Chico Normal
Edwin Stone	Working in Jerome, Arizona
Mary Wilder	Employed by the N. C. Power Co., Anderson
Gerald Eyre	Employed by Weinstock Lubin Co., Sacramento, Cal
Wilma Nutting	Attending Chico Normal
Otis Carlson	Employed by S. P. Co., Redding, Cal.
Laura Walton	Attending Chico Normal



BY VEVA WILDER, '17

Wild Animals

Laverne (Freshman Eng.) This examination is fierce.

Miss Eddy: Don't use that adjective. Wild animals are fierce.

Laverne: This is like wild animals. Its hard to pass.

Blushes.

Mr. E.- Excuse my working clothes.

Lorey: See how I am dressed (she held out her foot and had on pink stockings).

Mr. E.: I have heard of people blushing to their heels, but never saw it before.

Considerate Boy.

Blanchard: It is so quiet in the study hall before dinner that I go to sleep. There is no one there except Hildred and Leland and myself.

Miss Eddy: Then it is very considerate of you to go to sleep, Mr. Reynolds.

Freshie Wit.

Laverne (Seeing a man digging around a telegraph pole), Say Minnie, why are they digging around those telegraph poles?

Minnie: To make them grow.

Bad Leaves

Mr. James: (in Biology) What are deciduous leaves, Grace?

Grace Durfee: I don't know..

Mr. James: Well, what are deciduous teeth, Grace?

Grace: Deciduous teeth are bad teeth.

Good Information.

Fred: If you put salt in a balky horses eyes, it will make him go.

Miss Eddy: It will make his eyes run anyway, won't it?

Hilda Likes Roses.

Mr. James (in Biology): Which is the best for front porch decorations, roses or Wistaria?

Hilda (seriously): Why, I think roses.

Milton Regained His Paradise.

Miss Bammann (in 4th year English): How did Milton happen to write "Paradise Regained."

Two minutes passed and no answer.

Miss Bammann: Miss Wilder can you tell us?

Miss Wilder: It was after his wife died.

Wood Alcohol

Blanchard was sitting in the barber chair, having his hair cut and studying chemistry

Some one came and said, "I smell wood alcohol. Where is it?"

Mr. Turner (the barber): "No, it is only Blanchard studying Chem."

Miss Eddy, (on later being told the same joke): "Oh, I tho't you were going to say it was from your head."

"Three Weeks"

Vernon (in Eng. 3) Then are we going to subscribe for three weeks, Miss Eddy?"
Lester:- "No, we are going to subscribe for the Literary Digest."

Pinkey's Powder

Jim:- "Pinkey you have powder on your face"
Pinkey :- I just put it on when I shave., i
Jim:- You have powder on every morning.
Pinkey:- "I shave every morning so that I can wear powder."

"Odyssey."

Miss Eddy (in Freshman Eng.) Why are Ulysses wanderings called the Odyssey?"
Grace Ogburn:- "I guess it was because he had so many odd adventures."

"Talk About Taxes"

Miss Hess (in English History) "Myrtle do you know what the single tax was?"
Myrtle(bluffing) "Oh yes, I know. That was the tax imposed on all unmarried
people under the age of thirty."

Chicken Teeth

Mr. James (to Science Class): In a little chick sixteen years old can be found small
tooth buds.

A TRIO OF TRIOLETS

A stick of dynamite	That Inspector from U. C.
Among the pasture lay,	Who is called Professor Thomas
A tiny stick and out of sight,	How he terrorizes me,
But that stick of dynamite	That Inspector from U. C.
Gave old bossy a hasty flight,	I could "lay me down and die"
And sent her far away.	When he visits Senior Class.
Cruel stick of dynamite	That Inspector from U. C.
That among the pasture lay	Who is called Professor Thomas.

F. H.

C. B.

A jar of Bandoline
On a maiden's dressing table.
Can make her straight locks seem,
When held by Bandoline,
Like curls of Beauty's queen.
Few things are as able
As a jar of Bandoline
On a maiden's dressing table.

V. W.

Adolph is a little man	For Howard took her to the play
He went to see Miss Vivian	And went to see her every day,
He thought she liked him, dont you see	Then he took her to the game,
But she was only fooling he.	But Adolph loves her just the same.

Tempus fugit
The Spring is here
The Summers near
Then Winter smiles on Autumn's bier.
The Fall will come betimes
What time have I for making rhymes?

Thirty Nine



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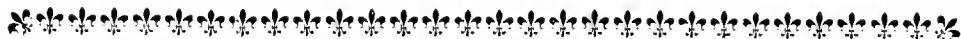
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B. F. LOOMIS

Anderson, California

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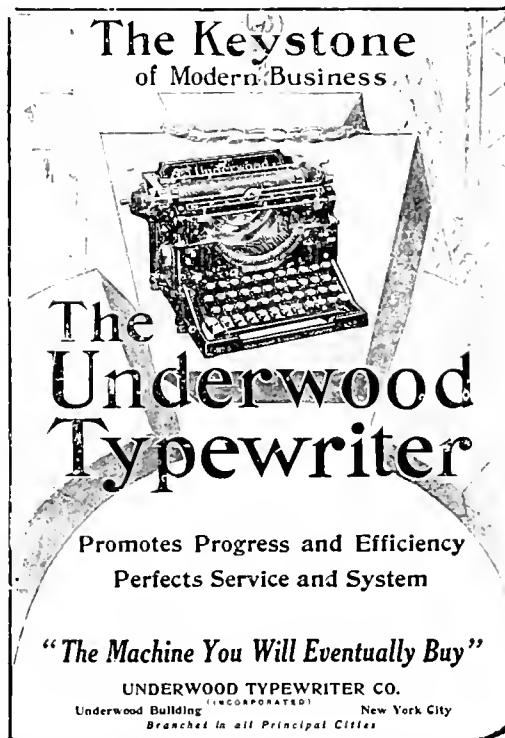
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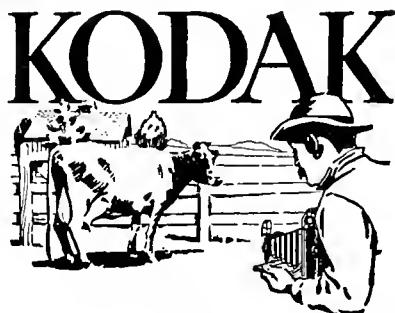


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